



FRIDAY, JANUARY 17, 1835.

Adjournment.

The Legislature of North Carolina adjourned *sine die* on Thursday last, the 9th inst., after a Session of 53 days.

Captions.

We shall publish the Captions to the Acts and Resolutions, passed at the recent Session of the Legislature, in our next number.

Public Documents.

We take pleasure in returning our thanks to the Hon. W. H. Haywood, for the receipt of the President's Message, with the accompanying voluminous documents.

The Protest.

We call the attention of our readers to the protest of the Democratic Senators, against the course pursued by the Senate, in the case of the Senator from Onslow, Mr. Ennett, (see first page.) The paper is ably drawn, and its perusal by the thinking and unprejudiced of all parties, cannot fail to produce on the mind, the conclusion that the Federal Senators have pursued Mr. Ennett with a ruthless and demonic spirit, for which no parallel can be found in the annals of any State in the Union. We ask our friends—we ask all to read it, and to read it calmly and dispassionately. When they have done so, we ask them to pass it around to their neighbors, that the people of North Carolina may see—may know—the “ways and means” to which the Federalists are capable of resorting, when a point is to be made on the political chess board.

Uncle Sam and the Wilmington Rail Road Company.

For some time past, the good citizens of Wilmington have been living in a state of considerable suspense, with regard to whether their Mail matter from the North should be henceforth transported to their doors every day, over the Rail Road; or whether said Mail, after the performance of an erratic and somewhat eccentric excursion *via* Raleigh and Fayetteville, shall be received by them from the latter place, Horse and Sulky wise, three times a week. And, although we still receive it daily the usual way, the matter is not yet settled, and speculation is as rife as ever. Here let us say, as we have on former occasions said, that we deprecate, and, had we the power, we would put an unequal and unconditional veto on any change from the present arrangement. But, as we have not, we must, we suppose, await, with what patience we may, the final denouement of the controversy now pending between Mr. Wickliffe and the directors of the Company. The state of that controversy, at present, so far as we can gather, briefly stated, is this: The Company has resolved that it will no longer transport the Mail, unless the Department increases the compensation. This resolution, it has communicated to the Department. The Department replies by insisting that there exists a firm and binding contract between itself and the Company, by which the latter agreed, in '43, to carry the Mail for four years, commencing on the 1st of January, '44, at a certain stipulated time, (32 hours one way and 30 the other,) and for a certain stipulated remuneration, (75,000 dollars per annum.) The Company, if we are rightly informed, denies the existence of such a contract. The Attorney General, Mr. Nelson, we understand, has given his opinion, that the Contract exists and is valid. Mr. Tyler, the Special Agent of the Department, has been here, and has had a conference with the Directors. The latter, we understand, have determined that they are willing to submit the whole matter to the Attorney General and some other distinguished lawyer to be named by themselves, and if it is determined by them, that a bona fide Contract is in being, then they will abide by it at all hazards. But if it is determined otherwise, then they will insist, as we think they have a right to do, on further compensation. Whether the Post-Master General will accede to the proposition of the Directors, we cannot say. We are inclined to believe, and we sincerely hope, that the matter may be arranged to the satisfaction of both parties.

Since writing the above, we see from the Charleston “Courier,” that a memorial, very lengthy, and couched in strong language, has been forwarded from that place, to the Post-Master General, remonstrating against any change in the present mode of transporting the great Southern Mail.

Burgess S. Gaither.

Our readers cannot well forget the dust that was kicked up by the Federal presses during the last campaign, because James K. Polk, the now President elect, did not receive a *unanimous* vote of thanks when retiring from the Speakership of the House of Representatives. He did receive a vote of thanks, however. How stands it with Gaither, the Whig Speaker of the Senate of North Carolina? Why, on retiring his ears were not greeted by even an *un-unanimous* vote of thanks. He received no testimony of respect in this way whatever. The Register well observes that he Democrats, in electing Col. Gaither, “caught a Tartar.” Yes, they did catch

a man, who, as the sequel has shown, was willing to, aye, and did, sacrifice every thing that is noble and generous,—every thing that is just and equitable in the human breast at the unholy shrine of party. But let him pass. He must be deeply enough mortified when he reflects that he is the first Speaker, so far as our memory serves us, who has left the “presiding Chair” in North Carolina, without even a resolution of thanks for the manner in which he has filled that responsible situation.

After the Election.

Now that the din of battle has died away on the ear—now that the rage of the great political contest which has been sweeping over the country has, in a great measure, subsided, let us see what the people of other lands think of the manner in which that great political battle has been decided. Our readers cannot but remember how vociferously and incessantly the Federal press throughout the whole length and breadth of the country labored to create the impression that England was in the field against Mr. Clay—that British Gold was pouring into the country to be used against the Federal party. Now the Whigs, at least the intelligent portion of them, *knew* that this was all stuff—that it was a mean and unworthy attempt to create political capital at the expense of truth and fair dealing. When they put forth this gross and foul “Roarback” to the world, they were well aware that the feelings, the wishes and the hopes of the aristocracy of England—not only of England, but of all Europe—were deeply enlisted on behalf of its kindred principles, as shadowed forth in the late modern Whig party. But their game was desperate, and they played it with a corresponding recklessness. For some days past, we have been reading in our exchange papers, the “opinions of the English press on the Election of Mr. Polk.” We perused them with a deep interest, and wish that the limits of the “Journal” could enable us to spread them before our readers at length. Below, however, we give an extract from the “London Times,” which may be taken as a fair sample of the whole:

Of Mr. Polk we know nothing, except that he has achieved a triumph over the most able and respectable man in the Union, although he was scarcely more known in that Union a few months ago, than he now is in Europe. He has not been chosen for his past services, or his political experience, or for civil obedience, or for military fame; for these qualities would doubtless long ago have brought him within our notice, if he had possessed them or any of them. But the less of personal greatness or influence he could boast of, the better was he fitted to answer the expectations of his adherents. Whatever he may turn out to be hereafter, we can only judge of him at present as the delegate or instrument of the passions by which he has been thus strangely raised into this conspicuous position. As such, then, we must remark with no ordinary concern, that with the single exception of the tariff question, on which he is pledged to a more liberal commercial policy than his opponent, his election to this important office is the triumph of every thing that is worst over every thing that is best in the United States of America. It is a victory gained by the south over the north,—by the slave States over the free,—by the partisans of the annexation of Texas over its opponents,—by the adventurous and unscrupulous democracy of the new States, and the foreign population in those States, over the more austere and dignified Republicanism of New England.

Surely the man who penned that paragraph must have been reading the ebullitions of coon oratory, published during the campaign that is just at an end. The “Times” is one of the ablest journals in Europe, and it is the organ of the aristocracy of England—the sworn champion and defender of “legitimacy.” The tone of the extract, our readers will perceive, is very similar to that of the aristocratic organs on this side of the Atlantic. “It is a triumph of every thing that is worst over every thing that is best in the United States of America,” says the Tory journal of England. How similar to the language now found in the mouths of its aristocratic brethren, the Federal lordlings of the new World. Yes, the peculiar classes, the “peculiar decency,” both here and in England, know and feel that the elevation of Mr. Polk and the triumph of the people, has put an extinguisher upon their long cherished hopes of establishing in Republican America, an artificial aristocracy, similar to that which is at once the oppression and disgrace of the European monarchies.

Annexation in Texas.

The following which we clip from the La Grange Intelligencer, a Texan paper, will show our readers the spirit in which the election of Polk and Dallas was received in that country. The people of Texas, are still yearning for the arrival of that period, when they will again be permitted to range themselves beneath the broad folds of the flag of the Union:

“Fire the Cannons—ring the Bells—blow the Bugles, and let all shout Huzza, Huzza—POLK and DALLAS are elected!”

The day of balloting has passed, and the glad tidings of the entire success of the Democratic Texan ticket has laid in silent political slumber, the English and Abolition “Coon” or Whig ticket, by a large vote.

The voice of the people has spoken in a tone stronger and louder than Heaven's artillery, and they have said to the whigs, aristocrats and abolitionists, all combined, “You have been weighed in the balances and found wanting.” Amen, say we to this; and in doing so we but echo the true sentiments of the Texan democracy. Yet we know that English gold and meditation have long been held out as winning inducements; still when the question is to be decided, “will you return to the arms of your mother country, and let the proud Eagle of Liberty hover over you and your posterity,” or “will you form an alliance with sympathetic England, whose Lion will receive and protect you and your offspring, as the lion does the lamb.” Look at the matter and who will be found that does not respond: Annexation to the United States—if not death before an alliance with any monarchy.

CONGRESS.

Under this head, we have little to say in addition to what we said last week. The Texas question is still the question of questions. The House of Representatives in Committee of the Whole, have been for some days past, and is up to the present moment, engaged in an able, animated and occasionally acrimonious discussion of this great measure. Several plans have been introduced, for the purpose of effecting annexation; but which of them will be finally adopted, we are unable to say. Many speeches have been made on the subject, by both Whigs and Democrats. Some of them by young members. We wish our limits would permit us to give the speech of Mr. Owen, from Indiana. He is both a young man, and a young member, we believe, but the eloquent and powerful appeals which he offered to the House in behalf of this great measure, would do honor to any man, old or young, in that House. His speech throughout, is argumentative, as well as eloquent. We insert his closing remarks, which we think will cause (if it has the same effect upon others as upon ourselves,) the pulse of every Southern freeman to throb with increased animation and rapidity.

Say that we remain inactive and neutral, and suffer things to take their course. What happens? Just at this moment Mexico is embroiled at home. But her civil wars are ever of short duration. And to Texas it matters little which of the barbarians triumph. They have both, like Hannibal at the Alps, sworn eternal enmity to her. They vie with each other in protestations of zeal. Death and destruction to the Texans!—that, even now, is the theme of every despatch, the burden of every proclamation. The victor, be he Paredes or Santa Anna, is pledged to carry out, without delay, in all its barbarity, the menace of invasion. To sustain and give brilliancy to newly-gotten power, he must redeem his pledge. Imagine the sequel! The Rio Bravo is crossed. Another league, and a ruffian soldiery—their swords yet wet with the blood of their countrymen—enter the doomed land. Must I call up before you, the scenes that are to ensue? Cruel, at best, and terrible, is the trade of war! But a war of extermination! A war, where the eye pities not! where the sword spares not! where the command is to save alive none that breathe! Conquerors, even in the flush of victory, have wept over the field of battle, where the strong man died, his weapon in his hand, the frown of defiance yet unfurled from his brow. But a field of slaughter, indiscriminate slaughter, slaughter of the defenceless, the unresisting—a field, where mingle, defiled in dust and gore, the white locks of venerable age, and the fair soft hair of unoffending childhood! Think—think what it is—this carnage of a nation, without distinction of age, of condition—there is yet more of SEX!—Do you remember the words of the Dramatist?

“The man who lays his hand upon a woman, Save in the way of kindness, is a wretch, Whom ’twere base flattery to call a coward!”

And it is woman—it is that gentle being whom the desert lion himself is said to pity and to spare—it is the young mother—her infant charge sheltered in her arms—it is the wife and mother, fleeing to rescue her person from the pollution of a brutal banditti—to save the child of her bosom from their murderous steel—it is even she, to adopt, in all their cold official atrocity, the words of the decree of blood, who, if she be “washed enough to fly”—at the sight of this approaching horde of assassins—is to be “pursued until taken, or put to death!” And what then? The report of these deeds of crime and shame is to come to us across the Sabine. The story of each succeeding brutality is to sink down, in all its damning details, into the hearts of our people. The South, with her fiery pulse and her hot chivalry, is to hear it. The West, with her fearless spirit and her quick sympathies, is to hear it. The North—yes, the North, less quickly roused, yet bearing, under her snow, a warm heart of pity—is to hear it. And, when the shadow of these deeds of darkness has settled down, like a pall over the entire land, I ask it yet again, what then?—“It is no concern of ours. Let them perish!” Will that be the language—that the spirit—of young America? I—but her adopted child, even I dare, in this, to answer for her. No, no, a thousand times no! We may turn over here the leaves of musty volumes, we may quote black letter within these walls, in proof, that it is our bounden duty to stand passively by, without an effort to save, without a protest to avert, and see our brethren of Texas, their wives and their little ones, butchered before our eyes. See if the People will not make the case their own! We have not yet, in this hemisphere, reached the age of placid indifference. A nation's early youth, like manhood, is full of warm and generous impulse. You will see it! Mark what the decision of this nation will be! That we have a right to interfere. I tell you, no!—other than that will be her language—that we have no right to hold back! There is a law more holy, far more imperative than the law of the statute book—the unwritten law of the human heart—that law, which taught the Samaritan that he was the neighbor of him who fell among thorns. And that law, speaking from the hearts of a young and noble people, will declare to us, that if we pass by on the other side, and abandon our neighbors of Texas to their fate, ours is the crime, ours the scandal, ours, before the world, the shame! And so it is! When we sit tamely down under threats like these—when mercy and courage are so quenched within us, that we suffer, unprotected, outrage thus infamous on the law of nature of nations—outrage, we are expressly told, that is to spread its crimson stain even to its very borders—then let our fair national escutcheon trail, shame-stained, in the dust; we are not worthy to give its broad folds to the free and gentle breeze of Heaven!

I speak warmly, sir, I feel warmly. Who may touch on subjects like that with a quiet pulse? Yet do I place my confidence in an appeal to sober judgment, not to hasty passion. I but ask you, to look into the future before you act. That is the part of wisdom. I but ask you, to examine, step by step, the issue of the policy which the friends of peace at any price would have us pursue. I ask you, to reflect, whether, in taking those steps, we shall be sustained by those who sent us here. I put to you the question: will our constituents be satisfied, in the present attitude of Mexico, with apathetic inaction, tame indifference, stoical neutrality? Each one must answer that question for himself. I can but say, that it is not my judgment of our people. I have found them neither cold nor passionless. And they must be both, if they demanded not that now, even at the threshold of these menacing atrocities, while yet the assassin's sword is undrawn, their government should interpose (as it has interposed) in the name of outraged humanity, in the name of

violated law, its solemn protest against them. And should that protest prove unavailing, and the butchery, in very deed proceed, the spirit of their fathers must be dead within them, if they grudge their treasure or their blood, should both be needed, to arrest Mexican barbarity.

North Carolina Legislature.

IN SENATE.

January 4.
[From the “Standard” of the 8th inst., we take the following account of the proceedings of this day and Monday, in the Senate, touching the Protest offered by the Democratic Senators in Mr. Ennett's case.]

In the Senate, on Saturday the 4th inst., Mr. Biggs presented the Protest of the twenty-four Democratic Senators against the Resolutions to expel the Senator from Onslow, and demanded, according to the rights secured by the 45th section of the Constitution, that it be entered upon the Journals of the Senate. The Protest was read. Mr. Shepard then rose and spoke at length against the Protest, and against the right of Senators to enter that Protest upon the Journals. In the course of his remarks he alluded to “what he considered an unfortunate blunder” committed by the friends of Mr. Ennett in voting his certificate a forgery, and then voting to retain him in his seat. To this it was replied, by both Mr. Biggs and Dr. Cameron, that though the friends of Mr. Ennett admitted a forgery, they believed him to be innocent—that it was perpetrated without his knowledge or concurrence—and that therefore they voted against expelling him. The “unfortunate blunder,” continued Dr. Cameron, was on the other side, for the Federalists had voted that a forgery had been committed—th t Mr. Ennett was the guilty person, but they nevertheless content, as the Journals would show, to associate with him as Senators, after a reprimand from the Speaker. Not for the wealth of all the ladies, continued Dr. C., would I have upon my soul the responsibility some gentlemen have!

Mr. Waddell then took up the Protest, and argued the points in it at considerable length, and in the course of his remarks, said it not only perverted the fact as they occurred, but contained foul falsehoods against himself and his associates. He argued that it was no protest, because it did not state the reasons succinctly, and also that it was disrespectful, and ought not therefore to go upon the Journals. Dr. Cameron said he had signed the Protest with a conscientious belief that it was true. He had heretofore and now disavowed all intention to be disrespectful, or to impugn the motives of Senators, but as the Senator from Orange seemed to be particularly excited, and as he had pronounced certain things in the Protest a foul falsehood, he would tell that gentleman that if the cap fitted him he might wear it.

The Speaker at length decided that as the Constitution made no special provision as to the manner in which or the channel through which a Protest should be put upon the Journal, and as he was not bound to assume the responsibility of accepting or rejecting it, he would put it to the vote of the Senate, and thus obtain advice upon the matter. Mr. Dockery demanded the yeas and nays. Believing that the Senate had no right to entertain the question, most of the Democratic Senators retired from their seats, and three Senators—the Federalists, except Mr. Hargrave—voted in the negative. The vote was then announced, and the Speaker said nothing. At length Gen. Wilson rose and respectfully suggested to the chair that less than a quorum had voted; but the chair instead of announcing the fact, and stating that the responsibility of accepting or rejecting the Protest was, according to his own admissions, still upon himself, told Senator Wilson that he would hear him upon that point! Was the like ever heard of before!

The Speaker made up the following decision and ordered it to be entered upon the Journal of Saturday. We quote from the Journal:

“Mr. Biggs presented a paper signed by himself and twenty-three other Senators, purporting to be a Protest against the proceedings of the Senate in the case of William Ennett, the Senator from Onslow, which he sent to the Clerk's table with the request that it be entered upon the Journal. The paper was read to the Senate by the Clerk. The Speaker, upon objections being raised by Mr. Shepard, entertained the opinion that it contained disrespectful matter impugning the character of himself and a large number of the members of the Senate; and believing that the Senate should permit nothing to go upon its Journals that cast a slur upon its decision or its members, submitted the question to the decision of the Senate. Upon this question Mr. Dockery demanded the yeas and nays, which was seconded. The Speaker then put the question, shall the paper be entered upon the Journal of the Senate? Whereupon a large number of Senators retired without the bar of the Senate, but remained within the chamber, and others declined answering to their names. On ascertaining the result it was found that no one voted in the affirmative, and twenty-three in the negative. Question decided in the negative.”

Question decided in the negative by whom? By the Senate! How decided by the Senate? Can less than a quorum decide upon any matter? Can twenty-three members refuse to pass laws, or make laws? But it may be answered, the question was decided by the Speaker. Then, why was it not so stated on the Journal? But the Constitution is above both the Speaker and the Senate; and that gives to any member liberty to dissent from, and protest against any act or resolve which he may think injurious to the public or any individual, and to have the reasons of his dissent entered on the Journals. Who, we again ask, violated this sacred provision of the Constitution? In our opinion it has been violated—the answer to our question is with the Speaker and his federal associates.

In the Senate on the same day, Mr. Gwynn, from the Committee on Propositions and Grievances, reported on the petitions of the Citizens of Rutherford, and also of Orange, praying for new counties, and asked to be discharged from their further consideration. The Committee was discharged accordingly. Mr. Dockery introduced a bill to revive and continue in force the charter of the Raleigh and Columbia Rail Road Company; and Mr. Taylor from the Committee raised for that purpose, recommended an appropriation of one thousand dollars to purchase furniture for the residence of the Governor. The bill to consolidate and amend the acts heretofore passed about Common Schools occupied the remainder of the day. The Senate refused to appoint a Superintendent of Common Schools for the State. The bill was amended and passed its second reading.

In the House, on Saturday, the political Resolutions in relation to the fourth Instalment passed their third reading—yeas 65, nays 49. A motion was made to reconsider the vote by which was rejected the bill to change the location of the Court House of

Lincoln, whereupon Mr. Lord moved to lay the motion on the table until the 4th March, which was done—yeas 61, nays 46. The bill to create new counties by the names of Williams and Blakeley were read and rejected. Mr. Cherry, from the Committee to whom the matter had been referred, reported, unfavorable on the Resolution heretofore introduced by Mr. Shepard to divide the surplus profits in the Bank of the State; and said Report was laid on the Table.

In the Senate, on Monday the 6th inst., as soon as the Journals of Saturday had been read, Col. Biggs rose and alluded to the decision of the Speaker contained therein, and asked, as a matter of justice to himself and his associates, that their Protest presented on a former day, might also be entered on the Journals, in order that it, together with the decision of the Chair, might go down for the inspection of posterity. The Journals charged the signers of the Protest with having used language disrespectful to the Senate, and with having moreover impugned the character of the Speaker and a large number of the members, and it was therefore put upon the Journals, in order that all men might see both sides of the question, and judge for themselves. The Speaker refused to entertain the motion; whereupon Senator Wilson moved to strike out the last sentence in the decision of the Chair—“question decided in the negative.” Gen. Wilson sustained his motion by a clear and able argument, in the course of which he showed that the question had not been decided by the Senate, inasmuch as a quorum had failed to vote, and that, no matter how many Senators might be present, the decision would be the same if they refused to vote. He was replied to by Messrs. Waddell and Shepard. Mr. Boyd also addressed the Senate. He should vote for striking out, because, according to parliamentary usage, he thought the question put by the Speaker was not properly a question—it being merely an appeal on his part to members for advice. That advice could be given in any way, and it was immaterial whether the yeas and nays were called or not. Mr. Edwards next addressed the Senate, and never did we hear a more thrilling or powerful speech. He contended for the high and sacred constitutional right. That right was above the Speaker—above all rules of order—above the Senate itself. It was not for the Speaker to say whether a member or members should protest—he could only revise and correct the Journals—he could neither control nor make them. And who was to be the judge? The Speaker! The majority, against whose act the protest was sought to be made! If so—if the party protested against could alter or modify the “reasons” contained in the protest—if the Speaker could do it—the protest itself together with its reasons would be worthless—would speak only the language of those who modified or altered it. Could this have been the intention of the framers of the Constitution? He warned Senators to look forward to the strifes, and bickerings, and party excitements of the years to come. This precedent would be caught up, and it might be used to crush all freedom and manly independence. If Senators on the other side desired it they could enter a counter protest, and thus the world and posterity would see both, and form their judgments upon both.

The Hon. Mr. Clingan.

This is the celebrated gentleman, who not only voted with John Q. Adams for the abolition of the rule which prohibited the reception of abolition petitions in the House of Representatives, but actually made a speech in favor of said abolition, at the last session of Congress. And he, too, a representative of slave-holding North Carolina! Well, this same said Mr. Clingan, some days ago, being, as we supposed, overcharged with genius and steam, got up to make a speech on the Texas question, but instead of so doing, he consumed his hour (the time allowed for speaking, by the rules of the House) in a foul and abusive tirade against the Democratic party, East, West, North and South—about the election frauds which the Democrats practised—the lies they told—the votes they manufactured, &c., not forgetting to lug in the “Onslow” affair. When he got through, Mr. Yancey obtained the floor. The way Mr. Yancey exonerated “the hero of the western reserve,” was curious. How we should like to have heard it. We give that portion of Mr. Yancey's remarks, which were directed to the “gentleman from North Carolina.” We know our readers will peruse them with interest. We learn from our exchange papers, that Mr. Clingan thinks the remarks personal, and has called for an explanation.

The correspondent of the Charleston Courier says, that both of these gentlemen had taken the cars at Washington, for Baltimore, with a view to fight a duel. We don't know, but we predict there will be no “powder burnt.” The following is the extract of the speech:

We form our estimate sir, of persons we have never seen; and I was not, therefore, astonished at this exposure of the head and heart of the representative from North Carolina. In the country I represent, he is looked upon as a betrayer of the trust reposed in his hands. But I do confess to some astonishment, when I heard that representative exulting in his triumph over those brother representatives from the South, whose most strenuous efforts could not retain the 25th rule, and attributing to their silence on its repeal motives which every honorable man among them spurns with scorn, and which could only have found promptings in the heart of one who had given a stab to the institutions of his own land, and wears the garb of its enemy. Such an exulting cry over our failure to retain our barrier erected for the preservation of our property and institutions, is an insult to us in our defeat, which merits the scorn and execration of every honest heart in the South. And even with the estimate of that representative which I had, I was somewhat surprised to hear him recount, with such apparent glee, what he termed the dishonesty of the Senate of North Carolina. Upon the merits of the case I can pass no verdict. But if it was as represented, would not a truly honorable heart and high-toned intellect, have shrunk from dragging unnecessarily, and with such apparent gusto, the disgrace of his native State, which he in part represented, before the assembled wisdom of the nation? It is said that the wild deer of the West, will turn and gore a wounded companion to death. But it is a brutal instinct; and man shrinks from laying bare the failings of his family. And what does such conduct deserve? I will not determine, but will refer the representative (if ever he reads such a book) to that portion of the Bi-

Misery.

“The one-half of the world don't know what the other is about.” This is an old saying, but it is as true as it is old. Little do the nine-tenths of the people of this happy land know the extent to which they are blest by Heaven. Little do they know how infinitely superior the circumstances and situation of the most indigent amongst them are to those of the great masses, the laboring classes in other countries. The Bishop of Lodi, who had been reduced by successive strokes of misfortune, to the most indigent and distressing circumstances, but who, under all his trials and tribulations, was observed always to be cheerful and happy, was asked, on one occasion by a friend, how it was possible that he could appear so cheerful and contented under so many sad reverses of fortune. The reply of the Bishop was, “By making a good use of my eyes; by looking around me, and seeing how many there are, whose sad fate is even worse than my own. I think I ought to be cheerful, and thankful too, to a kind and overruling Providence.” If many of our countrymen would do as the Bishop Lodi did; if they would make a good use of their eyes, we think our ears would not be so constantly greeted with complaints of hard times—the difficulty of getting along in the world, &c. In illustration of what we have been saying, we will present our readers with some extracts from English papers, describing the misery—the almost utter destitution of the laboring classes in England, that land of boasted pride and wealth. The picture drawn, is so odious and revolting to the sensibilities of the human heart, and is so entirely without even the approach to a parallel in our own favored land, that we doubt not but that it will require, on the part of most of our readers, a stretch of their faith to believe its correctness. It is true, nevertheless. The following are extracts from English papers; we regret that our limits will not permit us to extend them:

The most harrowing descriptions were given by some of the visitors of the scenes they had witnessed. “The case of distress,” says Dr. Smiles, (editor of the Leeds Times), “of extreme distress that had come under his notice that morning, had harrowed up his very soul. (Hear, hear.) There was one case which he would particularly mention. He had noted down the name, and he was sure, if any doubts existed, individuals might satisfy themselves as to the correctness of the statements. At the end of Brooke street, there was a small cellar dwelling, nine feet by twelve, into which they were introduced by the enumerator.

The dwelling was so considerably beneath the street, that only half of the window was above it. It was a damp, disagreeable, ill-lighted, ill-ventilated place. [Hear, hear.] In that apartment, they found three families, consisting of sixteen individuals, nine who slept in it every night. [Sensation.] There were four adults and twelve children. Six individuals constituting one family, slept upon a litter of straw, huddled together, not like human beings, not even like animals, for their situation was nothing to be compared to the comfort of our dogs and horses in our stables. [Hear, hear.] Other four or five slept on a bed of shavings, and the remaining five slept on a miserable bed in the apartment. When they entered, the poor mother was weeping, her infant was on her knee in the last stage of a fatal disease, dying without any medical assistance. [Sensation.] The family were entirely destitute, no means of subsistence, no weekly earnings, no parish relief. [Hear, hear.] That was one instance. We fear Leeds may stand for a sample of nearly every town in the manufacturing districts. Winter is rapidly advancing on a population without employment and without property, what they had having been parted with in order to supply their most pressing wants. It was stated too, by Dr. Smiles, that “the small grocers were failing and becoming bankrupts in large numbers. Many were not able to pay their debts. This, again, acted on middle class men in a higher condition of life; and he could state, what most of them perhaps knew, that a large number of the first class of tradesmen have recently become bankrupts.”

The following is an extract from a letter giving an account of the distress among the working classes, prevailing at Stockport: “All the other trades are equally suffering. Such is the extreme starvation point to which they are reduced, that their wives are to be seen begging from door to door, or gathering the disgusting offals that are to be met with in the streets. Meat and water are a luxury which few can boast of, and as for fire, poor houses are without a spark. Last week upwards of two hundred fresh men turned up for wages, and there is every reason to fear, that, ere long, that number will be frightfully increased. The constant cry of the men, is, ‘Are we to die of starvation, or see our children fall before our faces from hunger, while plenty abounds in the land?’ The situation of the female beggars all description—naked, shivering with cold, and faint from hunger, they are parading the streets, and imploring with tears and supplications, assistance for themselves and their famishing children.”

BLANKS.

Of every description may be had at the office of the “Journal,” as cheap as can be procured in the State, for cash. Any blanks wanted, and not on hand, will be printed at the shortest possible notice.